mind, which was about the conclusion of very one else when they climbed to their stery one case aleen and continue their

Little Bruin, the occasion of all this disturbance, was snug in my blankets, where he had been lunching on the packwhere he had been also sharp nose told him were in the madame's berth. So climbing down he stole them, and also woke up the woman, who thought his fur cost was somebody's big whiskers. Now, most people would object to a little bear most people for a bedfellow, and for fear that the for a beattern, but the that the folks would see or hear Little Bruin, it seemed to me best to pack him in his ralise-den and carry it into the baggage car very early the next morning. The trainmen thought it was fun to plague or net the cub, and the boy who sold candy and peanuts was glad to have Bruin beg for his stock until some one was pleased to buy something for themselves as well as for the little bear.

We spont the day in the baggage car, and by the next morning the train arrivel in Cincinnati, where, being well acquainted with the proprietor and merks of the hotel, I walked into the Enruet house with the bear under my arm, setting him on the counter beside the book in which guests write their the book in mas early—probably before sames, it was early—probably before a o'clock—and travellers or employes were about the only ones who were in the hotel office. But presently a man came in who was dressed in siylish clothes and were more jewelry than real rentismen commonly do. With him was lark-and-tan terrier, which, together with the sort of people with whom such digs are frequently seen, I never was and of Little Bruin saw the terrior and looked sidewise at him, and the terlooking directly at the little bear, was so much interested in him that he would like to get upon the counter and

mye n nip. This pleased the man with more jewelry than the hotel clerk, and he smiled at the cleric, while saying to me persussiveir. "Sn-ay, let me little dog worry yer little beenr, just fer fun?" And the hotel clerk saw that I winked at him, and said: "Yes, it is good for little dogs to worry little bears; it is a new thing, and like as not may give the little dog a relish for his breakfast, even if he worries the little bear only a little bit. Now, it is always nice to accommodate folks when it costs nothing and a proper nowledgement is made; so, stipulating that after little Bruin had been worried



be should be comforted with a berry and milk breakfast at the excense of the terrier's owner, black-and-tan was lifted to the counter to, so his master said, have some The little bear set on his haunches and smiled. The terrier was moving cantigualy toward him, his neck stretched out for a sniff. The dog's master smiled and so did the hotel clerk. With watch in hand, I had just said, "only sixty seconds from the time worrying be-" when ki-ki-yi-yi-yl went the terrier. Little Bruin's needle-like teeth were fast in his nose, while paws with the sharpest of toennils were fastened on each side of the black-and-tan's head.

The dog's head, except his voice, was pretty quiet, but the dog's hind legs had much movement. 'The dog's being eaten, said the man. "He's tired worrylag the bear. He's quite enjoying it. Yes, be has.'' The result was not unexpected, and it was cruel to have the log suffer because of his master's bad judgment and not good to wake up sleep-



ing boarders. It was less than twenty seconds from the time what the man called fun began before Bruin, although colded at being made to do so, let go his hold, and the terrier jumped off the unter and harried out of the hotel into the street, followed by the man whose othes were better than his manners. for he did not stop to say good morning er to speak of breakfast for my pet.

But the chief cook, a Frenchman, who was in the office when the man's dog had the chance to worry the little bear, at once took a liking to Bruin, and presently went off with him under his arm.

He's all right now, " said the clerk, who happened to be S. E. Crittenden, prominent now as a hotel-keeper.
"For the next ten minutes," said I:

"for that youngster won't be where there is something to ent long without some unexpected happening. \*

We breakfasted together, "Crit" and myself, and presently when colored watters came in, looking as if each had been dosed with comic almanaes, we asked what the trouble was, "Trouble am't de name fo' it," said the boy. 'Cluf's done got it onto 'de ole maid reg'table cook's cat. Put de little bar's breakfast by de cat's an' 'pears when de ent nekled de bar wid her claws, de bar up an hugged dat cat 'til mos de cat's res is dis'pared of, an' now de bar's got it on de chaf, sittin In his copper of cotmary syrup. Chif doan want de sugar but he do wish de pan? De bar bin't t' be discommodated. Chif's tuck " liken' bim."

"'Sweet fix, " suggested Crit, " what's to be done? 17 'Let the little chap alone, " sand I; " he will clean up the syrup himself, too, be out of the pan and taken before we finish breakfast," which proved true. It was his last misthist for the day, but the chof really had taken a liking to him and was sorry to ee us starting for New York on the evening train.

As thinks turned out, probably little Bruin ought to have been presented to Monsieur, the French cook, for upon my arrival in New York I was detailed to go with the army to exetch events there, and presently received a letter from home, which said that six active boys would be easier to look after than my one little bear, which, when not climbing a clothesline post in the back yard after the family cut, was climbing panby shelves after sweetmeats or cake, and, finding them, showed fight until tither the cake hox was empty or the bear was full. The Irish cook had given notice of leaving. The milkman expeofed new trousers for those Bruin ere, when the man was slow about feeding him milk, and because the bear had een tensed instead of petted, scratched hands were the rule. Therefore my bear

had been given away to a livery stable man, who certainly made a mistake in accepting such a gift as a Louisiana bear THEODORE R. DAVIS.

EDMUND GOSSE.

The Story of a Self-Educated Man-A Personal Sketch of the Noted Writer and Post.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. In asking me to write you something concerning Edmund Gosse, you give me the pleasure of speaking of one whom I admire both as a man and as an author. I first met Mr. Gosse in 1877 (twelve years ago now) at the hospital house of Mr. Trubner, the publisher. He was a young man of only twenty-eight then, but already well known as a poet, and so agreeable and interesting that I at once coveted his friendship. You wished this sketch to be 'as personal as I feit at liberty to make it, 'so I must begin at the beginning.
Edmund W. Gossee was born Septem-

ber 21, 1849, in the city of London,



within the sound of Bow Bells. He was the only child of the listinguished naturalist, Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S., who, though he only died last year, was already forty years old when his son was born. His work had, at that time, won for him more of reputation than of money; and the childhood of the future poet was passed in straightened circumstances. Such duties fell to his lot as few children have been called on to fulfil. His mother sickened of cancer, and when the little fellow was only seven he was her companion and her nurse, in a cheerless apartment in Pimilco. The father was busy in earning the money to carry on the little bousehold, and the serious seven-year-old baby watched his mother, and waited on her, and so made his first forlorn acquaintance with the agonies and horrors of pain and death, for she died before he had reached his eighth birthday.

He as well as his father, had possessed remarkable intellectual force. She was a Greek as well as a Latin scholar, at a time when Latin and Greek were far more seldom studied by women than at present. She was the author of various religious books, and of a series of tracts that were selling widely still, long after she was dead. Both father and mother were almost fanatically religious, and went-he from Methodism and she from the Church of Englandinto the sect called "Plymouth Breth-The mother visited the poor and labored to bring their souls into what she considered the true faith. The father shut himself up with his microscope, and little Edward had for friends playmates in those childish library only a venrs of very solemn books, until he had to stop narse his dying reading and mother.

After his wife's death the father's fortunes began to improve. His lecture brought him in more money, and he left London and bought him a home near Torquay, in Devonshire. Now, indeed, little Edmund could "walk in a green 's as he had so longed to do field. London days that he once startled his parents by declaring he should die if they could not some how manage it. He had his first taste of this delight on a visit to some friends in Wales, where, also, he for the first time played with children of

When he rejoined his father at Torquay a wave of religious experience swept over him. He listened to his father's exhortations and was convinced of sin and resolved to save his soul. He was told that he must "confees the Lord" public baptism; and people thronged from all parts of Devoushire to witness the ceremony. I can fancy those were dark days, when the terrors of the law had affrighted him, when his father had discoursed to him of death and of gudgment, and when his young mind struggled with the doctrines of election and reprobation.

It was like opening a door that led from some gloomy dungeon into the light of cheerful day, when, in 1862, his father married a Quaker lady, who brought into the sombre household the sunshine of her bright nature, her warm heart, her happy and reasonable faith. Edmund was thirteen then, and father's marriage was the best thing that could have happened to him. From hanceforth he had a true mother in his home-he knew what it was to be praised and petted and encouraged and made much of. For the years to come his stepmother was his closest and loveliest friend. He was sent through her influence to private schools where he found companions and comrades among his school-mates-his day had dawned.

His school education, however, was not of long duration. In 1866, when he was seventeen, his father brought him up to London to earn henceforth his own living. Fortunately he was able to do this not too painfully. The Rev. Charles Kingsley was a great friend and admirer of Gosse, Sr., and he conceived a warm and active interest in the charming boy, whose gifts he already divined. He procured for him an appointment in the British museum, with a salary of £90 (\$450) per year.

Now it was that the education of the future poet began in earnest. He gave the day to his work at the museum, but when he got home at night it was to de vote himself to his life's real business. He is one of the best equipped authors, one of the most scholarly men, of our own time; and the foundations of his rare acquirements were laid in those busy nights following busy days. He eagerly studied the continental languages, which were to be of such infinite use to him hereafter in the cheerful home he found for himself with some nice old ladies in the suburbs of Lottenham he began already to form the uncleus of that wonderful library, so rich in rare books and first editions, which is now his pride

The spirit of song was born in him in

ship with John Arthur Blaikle, a young man who, like himself, was a dear lover of poetry. Early in 1870, when Gosse was twenty, the two friends prepared and brought out in the summer of 1870, a joint volume entitled "Madrigals. Songs and Sonnets, by J. A. Blaikle and E. W. Gosse.'' Mr. Gosse tells me he doubts if a dozen copies of this first venture were ever sold; but it was not certainly thrown away, for it introduced him to Rossetti, Swinbourne, and others -brought him into that literary atmos-phere for which he had always longed.

The first editor to account one of his articles was Froude, at that time one of the editors of Fraser's Magazine. Before this Gosse had sent articles to one magazine and another, and had them returned to him, as befalls most youthful scribes. He hardly expected better luck with the manuscript sent to Froude, but very speedily came, by way of answer, the proofs of the article for correction. It was the beginning of his success. wonder if anything has ever given him quite such a glow of satisfaction since? In 1871 he made his first journey to Norway, and wrote for Frager's an account of his adventures in the Lofoden islands. About this time, also, he began to write for the Spectator. In 1872 he traveled through North Germany and Scandivavia, and met Anderson Bjornson and other "Northern Lights." In 1873 he published "'On Viol and

the first book of poems for which he alone was responsible, and it brought him immediate and deserved recognition as a poet. In the next year he was employed on the editorial staff of the Examiner, besides frequently con-tributing to the "Academy" and the Saturday Review. As his first poetical venture in company with Blaikie had won for him literary friends, so his sec-ond, "On Viol and Flute," won for won for him, in a way, that dearest friend of all, his wife. Lawrence Alma Tadema, the great artist, read the book, liked it, and asked the young poet to his house. and at the hospitable Tadema mansion, on the Regent's park, Gosse met Miss Nellie Epps, Mr. Tadema's sister, to whom he was married in 1875, when he was only twenty-six. Mr. Gosse's has been an exceptionally happy marriage. Some of you in America have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Gosse; and you know in her a warm-hearted, sympathetie, altogether charming woman, in whom the heart of her husband may safely trust. I have seen on the fly-leaf of a book I chanced to borrow of Mr. Gosse, a poetical inscription to his wife, so beautiful as poetry, so true in feeling, that I venture to copy it for you. It will tell you, better than I could possibly tell you otherwise, how truly this poet has been dowered with the very love of love;

Deen dowered with the very love of love:

TO NELLIE GOSSE—NOV. 12, 1879.

If womanhood were like the rose
That with a myriad blossoms blows,
All fair alike in sweet consent
Of form, perfection, hue and scent,
So that the gardener scarcely knows
Flower-head from flower-head, richly blent—
Yet would my heart at once divine
Your presence by a secret sign,
And to that single flower incline.—[E. W. G.
Art is good and fame is good and

Art is good, and fame is good, and fellowship of friends is dear; but surely the best gift of the gods is perfect lovethe love of election, and of profoundest sympathy, such as these lines express.

The Gosses live in a pleasant home in Delamere Terrace, near Westbourne square, and there on a Sunday afternoon ou are sure to find some of the most interesting people in London.

In the autumn of 1884 Mr. Gosse and his wife went to America, where the poet had been engaged to deliver courses of lectures before the Lowell institute of Boston, and the Johns Hopkins university: besides various single lectures elsewhere. No man, I think, ever made more friends in a single visit to America than did Mr. Gosse. In Boston he was the guest of William D. Howells, and in Washington Mr. Bancroft and General Sheridan were his cicerones. Everywhere he said what was best, and, I am happy to say, he brought away most pleasant impressions of his American cousins.

The American language astonished him, the least bit in the world. He found that a railway station had become a washhand-ing pitcher; 11 luggage had turned into "baggage;" a lift had acquired the dignity of an "elevator," and an engine had enlarged itself into a "locomotive." He found out, too, that Democracy is a real thing in "the states. 1

Just before Mr. Gosse's visit to America he had been appointed to succeed Mr. Leslie Stephen as Clark professor of English literature at Trinity college, Cambridge, a post he will have held five years next October, at which time he will resign it. I have neglected to say that on the very day of his marriage to Miss Epps, in 1875, he received unsolicited appointment as translator to the board of trade, with a salary of £400 (\$2000). This appointment still holds; and I am told the government has no more thorough and painstaking official. Busy as he is in literature-accomplishing more both in writing and in study than almost anyone I know-Mr. Gosse not only has never neglected in the slightest degree the duties of his post, but he has attended to them with unusual fidelity and efficiency.

I think he would rank as second only to his marriage, among the blessings of his life, his intimate friendship with Mr. Austin Dobson. Both Gosse and Dobson belonged to the board of trade, and Mr. Stedman, in a charming article about "Some London Poets," which he contributed to Harper's Magazine, spoke of them as "A brace of singing birds which a smooth bore brings down at one aim. " It is a very rare thing that capricious fortune so favors an intimate friendship as in the case of these two poets. Congenial in taste and in temperament, engaged in the same pursuits, they not only live in the same town, in the midst of the same circle but the very business of their lives compels them to elbow each other. And theirs is an intimacy that knows no weariness or satisty, and only gains strength with the passing years.

Having thus hurriedly set before you the facts of Mr. Gosse's life it remains only to summarize, briefly, his literary achievements. I have before me a list of his books, by no means complete, made by an American admirer of his work, who owns, in its first edition. each successive volume. I will transcribe for you this list-a sufficiently numerous one to have been given to the world by a man not yet quite forty, who has been occupied for many hours of each day in his official capacity at the board of trade. Here they are:

On Viol and Finte.
King Erik (a drama)
New Poems.
Studies in the Literature of Northern Enrope..... nglish Odes (edited). .... English Odes (edited)
Life of Gray 1986
Soventeenth Century Studies 1886
Discourses of Sir Joshua Beynolds (edited) 1887
Firdause in Exile 1888 Firdanse in Erile.

From Shakespeare to Pope.

Love's Graduate, Webster (eflited).

Life of Raleigh.

James Shiriey's Plays (edited).

Life of Congreve.

Eighteenth Century Literature ...

An edition of "On Viol and Flute" was published in New York in 1883. In | to the utmost secrecy, artifice and cun-

prefatory introductions to various other books and has contributed extensively to periodical literature. He is at present engaged on a memoir of his father.

Of all these numerous books I think

putting aside for the moment Mr. Gosse's poems, that "Seventeenth Century Studies' 'is, perhaps, the most fascinating. No critic, it seems to me, can be more just or more catholic than Edmund Gosse. He is never blind to the excellence of men in the opposite camp. A romanticist by taste and by tempera-ment, he is capable, nevertheless, of perceiving all that is finest in the didactic writers of the Eighteenth century. He wrote no less than twenty-nine of the articles in Mr. Humphrey Ward's "Anthology of English Poetry," including sketches of Lodge, Carew and Herrick, and, indeed, he treated poets of every period down to our own. editor of the Authology In his pretace returns thanks to Mr. Gosse, "whose great knowledge of English poetry, especially of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, has been of the highest Besides the catholicity of our author-

the justness with which he treats all schools and all phases of literature—he has the advantage of wide knowledge of other literatures than his own, and that certainty of judgment which comes of extensive culture. Moreover, his work is singularly beautiful in style, and exceedingly felicitous in the power to hit off a portrait in a single phrase. One stops to linger over some of his sentences for pure enjoyment of their grace and charm. In writing of the love songs of Thomas Lodge, he says: "In these love-songs a note of passion, a soaring and shouting music of the lark at heaven's gate, was heard for the first time, above the scholastic voices of such artificial poets as Watson.'' If Gosse makes a quotation it is always the quotation for his purpose.

I have before this commended his studies of literature to the attention of those who have not time to make exhaustive studies for themselves. His "Seventeenth Century Studies" and his Eighteenth Century Literature' would turn an ignorant man into one reasonably well informed concerning the literary epochs of which they treat. I turn over their pages and come upon sentences that are revelations. Here is, for instance, Mrs. Barry, who "had a well-balanced sense of her own value, and smiled at nothing lower than an Again, does not one know earl. exactly what Otway was worth when one reads that "his stroke was broad and old, and when he did succeed it was in figures of heroic size, and on a grand scale?'' 'The Matchless Orinda'' is one of the most delightful portraits that even Mr. Gosse has painted. It has all his special qualities-delicacy of touch, subtlety of perception, courtesy of treatment, and tenderness of human sympathy of which so many critics are in-

capable: Mr. Gosse's critical method seems to me rather French than English; and I think the French are the best critics in the world, as they certainly are the best reconteurs of what we call the short story. Gosse has been a loving student of Sainte Beuve, whom he honors as his master in criticism. Lemaitre is also one of his chief favorites; and to his study of the art of criticism as practiced by the best French critical writers he attributes much (as he modestly puts it) of whatever success he has won. To criticise is one thing, and to construct is another, and to find a man with the subtlest critical perception added to the creative power of the poet might surprise us, had we not seen the combination already in Swinburne and in Mathew Arnold, to say nothing of our own Lowell and Stedman.

Space falls me for an analysis of Mr. Gosse's poetle power; but I can give you a brief specimen or two, by which you may divine for yourselves its quality. Read, for instance:

THE MANAD SCHAVE. The girl who once, on Lydian heights,
Around the sarred grove of pines,
Would dance through whole tempestaous
nights,
When no meon shines,

Gave airs as shrill as Coty's own; Who, crowned with buds of ivy dark, Three times drained deep with amorous lips The wine-fed bowl of willow bark,

With silver tips, Nor sank, nor ceased, but shouted still Like some wild wind from hill to hill. She lies at last where poplars wave Their sad, gray foliage all day long; The river murmurs near her grave

A soothing song; Farewell! it saith. Her days have done With shouting at the set of sun. Or read, for another sample of lyric grace, this pleasant

There's a sleek thrush sits in the apple tree When it blooms all over with rosy snow, And hark! how he opens his heart to me, Till its inmost hopes and desires I know! Blow, winds, blow. For the thrush will fly when the bloom must go.

SONG

Ob, a friend I had, and I loved him well. And his heart was open and sang to mine, And it pains me more than I choose to tell That he cares no more if I laugh or pine. Friend of mine. Can the music fade out of love like thine?

Most of Mr. Gosse's best poems are far too long for copying here; but the two I have quoted are sufficient to prove him a true poet. One or two volumes of his poems are completely out of print at present, while they are often and vainly called for at the book shops. I am happy to say that a volume will be published this autum, with the title "On Viol and Flute," and containing those poems from all previous volumes which the matured critical judgment of their author esteems most worthy of preservation.

[Copyrighted 1890 by the author. ]

INDIAN SCOUTS AND TRAILERS. By Charles King, Captain U. S. A.



O see the red warriors at their best one needs to follow them upon the trail of the enemy and note the marvelone skill with which they can track the foethe mountains and through the rooky gorges where a white man would be at a loss which way to go. Centuries of practice, ceneration after generation of inherited powers have given to the Indian a keepness of vision that the

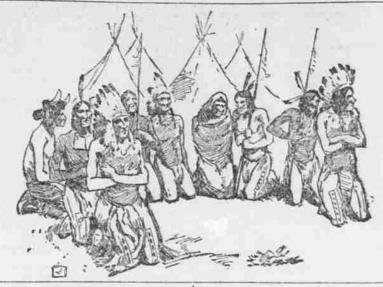
hawk might envy. Nothing in nature escapes the Indian eye when on the warpath. Not a moving object between him and the horizon fails to excite his scrutiny, and in the very actions of bird beast in the dim distance he discovers indubitable signs that the enemy he seeks is lurking where the white man would say there was not a "hostile" within a radius of a score of miles.

Among themselves the reputation of being a keen scout is equal to that of a braye warrior, and in the old days when the different tribes were warring among themselves the duties of the scout were of the most solemn and important character. Indians were compelled to resort those days. He formed a close friend- addition to these Mr. Goase has written | ning in order to obtain the faintest

advantage over enemies of their own kind. Vigilance of sentries and the keen explorations of scouts made surprises matters of the utmost difficulty And so it resulted that as the honor and safety of the tribe depended on the efficiency and ceaseless watchfulness of the these chosen warriors were treated with the utmost deference by ful warriors of the plains, but Capt.

forms of ceremonies are ignored or forgotten. Capt. Clark considered that the Chevenne Indians and Cheyenne scouts were superiors of all our North American Indians in bravery as warriors and skill as trailors. I believe that there is no doubt that they are the bravest and most skill-

Clark had never served with the Apache



their people. Theirs was a life fraught with the utmost danger, too, for at any moment in the course of their duties they were liable to fall into the hands of bemen as cunning as themselves, and then nothing but instant death, fighting, could save them from the slow death by the flendish tortures which were described in a previous chapter.

"Wolf" is the Indian sign for scout, and prairie-wolf, or covote, well fulfills the idea. The yelp of the coyote is easily imitated by the young braves, and serves for night signaling when fire would only betray their presence. The utmost care is taken in choosing the scouts, and the old chiefs rarely go amiss in their selections. Capt. Philo Clark, who years of his gallant and useful life in studying their, characteristics, and who commanded the finest body of Indian couts exer seen on our frontiers, has given an interesting account of the ceremonies attendant on sending forth the outs, which I shall transcribe here: 'If there is time,'' he says, ''many peremonial forms are gone through with in the selection and ingiving instructions to them prior to their departure. The essential qualifications of a good scout are courage, good sense, truthfulness, and a thorough knowledge of the coun-

Suppose four are wanted; they are chosen in council and then sent for, some of the head men going for them and leading them to the council lodge, where, after much solemn and prayerful smoking, perhaps some speeches about the importance of the occasion, dilating on the enefits that will accrue to the entire people in case of success, and the evils and disasters that may befall them through detent, the special instructions of the service to be acquired as well as



the general instructions, which all Indians know by heart, are given them by the chief. These general instructions are usually to the effect that they must be wise as well as brave, to look not only to the front, but to the right and left behind them, and at the ground: to watch carefully the movements of all wild animals, from the movements of buffalo to the flight of birds; to wind through ravines and the streams, to walk on hard ground, or where there is grass, so as to leave no trail, to move with great care so as not to disturb any wild animals. and should they discover anything important to return with all possible speed and bring such information as they may find. Of late years, in addition to their arms, the scouts carry a mirror and field which are furnished by friends if they do not themselves possess them. one or two only are sent in the same direction-s larger party could see no more, and in size alone would increase the danger of discovering them to the enemy. The safety and value of a scouting party lies not in their fighting qualities, but in their keen eye, crafty, shrewd cunning and watchfulness. Sup pose the scont is seen returning, his story is nearly told by his movements or by his mirror long before he has approached near enough for communication. If, when he is near enough for the sound of his voice to be heard he intimates the howl of the wolf he has seen the enemy. The main party, meanwhile, gather in an incomplete circle with the opening toward the direction from which the scout is coming, and at the opening place a pile of buffalo chips or spread out a blanket upon four sticks. When the scout reaches them if the enemy is too close or im-mediate action is necessary so there is not time for the story to be told in the ceremonial way, he kicks down the blanket or scatters the chips as an oath that he is telling the truth, and then briefly and hurriedly tells the story. time for a smoke the pipe is filled and lighted, and the interrogator points the stem to the zenith, the sun, the earth and four winds, and then holds the stem to the scout's mouth, who takes four Again the pipe is pointed as bewhiffs. fore, and again four puffs are taken by the scout. This is repeated four times when the interrogator says, 'You know all the hills, valleys and streams of this ountry; you were born and grew up in it, now tell me what you have seen. The scout divides his story into four parts which are told at intervals. At each interval the smokes are repeated and the interrogator adds, perhaps to his question, 'tell us, and your people will have glad hearts; they will praise you and raise your name up among them.' On the completion of this ceremony the entire story is usually told continuously without interruption. This is, as I have mid, the usual custom when there is plenty of time. Usually the return of a cout sent out in advance of a war party creates the wildest excitement, and all

Indians, and probably his friend and con-temporary who served so long on the staff of Gen. Crook, Capt. John G. Bourke, would take issue with him no 4 the relative ability of the Cheyenne and Apache tribes. Bourke's experience with the Apaches was only equaled by that of Clark's with the Chevennes, and my own service was so msignificant as compared with that of either of these distinguished cavalry officers that the opinions which I should express would be materially modified, perhaps, after conversation with them. I have seen something of the work of Cheyenne scouts on the prairies, and there is no question that it is beautiful and skillful in the highest de-gree; but whether they would accomplish as much over rocky precipices and onnyons as the Apaches have done time and again, I have no means of judging. To my thinking, however, after seeing the scouting work of the Crows whom we followed on the Sioux campaign of 1876, of the Chevennes and Shoshones whom we followed in the chase after the Nez Perces in 1877, and of the Apaches whom we used as trailers in Arizona in I am free to say that I consid Apaches capable of work which are ex-ceeded in skill and in closeness of observation anything I have ever seen done by other Indians. Once in 1874, while scouting for the hostile band of Eskiminz in the Tontl basin, Arizona, the loughest and wildest and most mountainous country that was ever my lot to serve in, I had a party of Indian scouts made up about equally of Apache Yumas and Apache Mohaves. We had been hunting for several days, and finally one morning in June, came to the foot of the precipi-fous range known as the Black Mesa, and that day I had an exhibition of Indian scouting such as I have never seen equaled since. The order of march was very primitive, a sort of game of "follow your leader." We kept old Kwonahilka and six or seven of the scouts well out to our front: then cam the lieutenant commanding bronco; then the first sergeant and main body, all in single file, and finally the pack mules and the guards and attendants. Whenever we reached a steel place, either up or down hill, the leader would dismount and take the reins beaind him; his horse followed in his footsteps; each man in succession executing the same maneuver when he reached the spot where the chief dismounted. The trail led over rocks and ravines and canyons, never wide enough for two abreast. Somewhere o'clock in the afternoon came to a lovely green valley

at the foot of the mountains and there suddenly one of the Indian scouts, whom we called Washington Charley, stopped and excitedly beckoned to me. rode forward, and he pointed to certain damp splashes where water had evidently been spilled as the carriers clambered up the bank. . . Touto come here for water

Look, see, '' he said. Somewhere up there on the crest of that great range then, as was their invariable custom, the hostile Indians were hiding, and our orders were to hunt them to their holes and fight it out. How long the hunt might last we could not tell, nor how many hours since they came here for their supply of water, except that the earth had not had time to thoroughly dry. The first thing was to lead our horses far in among the rocks and trees and secure both them and the packmules; leave a strong guard and the three packers with them. his eavalry boots and spurs and pulled on Indian mocasins, the strong sole of thick hide being ample protection to the foot, and then in ten minutes my little command was stripped for its work. When all was ready, off we started; no order, no ranks, but in perfect silence the soldiers following after the lieutenant, while Charley, with his Apache brethren, sprang noiselessly to the front and scattered upward along the rocky ascent, and then came the pretty piece of trailing of which I have spoken. Close to the stream the bushes and stunted oaks were thick. Once away from it along the rise the underbrush disappeared, and we spread out right and left over the surface. Here, while the trees were numerous, their branches were high above our heads: the trunks straight and bare for twenty feet from the ground. The ground itself was everywhere covered with fragments of rock and slate, the detritus of every storm or avalanche teat had occurred since creation Tiny blades of grass peeped up here and there, but we were creeping upward a soil on which the human foot left no impression whatever. How then could those stealthy rascals in front so unhesitatingly beekon us on? For 200 yards they covered our advance, moving noiselessly from point to point. cronch ing like panthers on the trail of the deer. Occasionally one of them would call me by a gesture, and proud of the undisguised admiration of the officer



OOD & SKIN

DNEYAND URINARY

CATARRH, THROAT, NOSE, LUNG DISEASES



J. P. DROMGOOLE & CO., Louisville, Ky. RUNS EASY. CINS FAST.



H.W.HUBBARDARM

Hyouwanta!

point to where a twig was all tly bent or abraded, or where a little rock or state, erunched from a laboring foot, had turned and with the damp face upward. A single hour in the sun would bleach it white and dry as its neighbors. On we clambered, steadily, silently, sometimes crossing a mountain ravine, sometimes over rocky ledges, the time our swarthy, half-naked sconts would guide us forward. Once in a while we would halt for breath—an hour of such climbling is very trying to the lungs-but at last old Sergeant Stauffer, who was close to my side, held up a warning hand and pointed to the right. Two of our scouts were kneeling behind a little rocky barrier and peering over. motioning "keep back," and the men, who were spread out unconsciously in skirmish line, halted in their tracks. Presently I reached the ledge, and, obeying the signal of their gleaming eyes, peered eagerly over. Five hundred vards away was another and higher rocky point, and above it, boldly outlined against the blue of the heavens, towered a great cliff, the western "terminus" of the mesa. A likely place for an eagle's nest perhaps, but not another living thing could I think of or see as a possible inhabitant. the two Apaches by my side pointed excitedly to the promontory ahead, and then one of them waved his hand upward in spirals, indicating smoke, and whispered 'Patchie house.'' And surely enough my field glasses detected what was beyond my eyes to see-not one but several shimmering, colorless columns of smoke or vapor rising just over the rock to our front, and there was the "rancherla" beyond all doubt. They had guided us safely to the very stronghold of Apaches, and in five minutes were joining with us in the attack. I have never seen a plece of trailing to compare to that, for the signs by which they were guided were so slight, so trivial, that none but the keenest Indian eye would over have

thought of observing them. In the chase after the Chiricahuas in the Sierra Madres of Mexico, Capt. Bourke tells of tralling done by their own brethren that was even more wonderful than this.

CHARLES KING. Cuptain U.S. A.